1446

THE TEMPLE of PEACE, A MASQUE

1749.

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TEMPLE OF PEACE,

A

MASQUE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

TEMPLE of PEACE,

A

MASQUE

Of one ACT,

As it is perform'd at the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Dublin*.

Occaſioned by the preſent happy PEACE eſtabliſhed over *EUROPE*.

In which are introduced ſeveral favourite SONGS of Mr. HANDEL, Mr. PURCEL, Mr. GALLIARD, Mr. ARNE, and Mr. BOYCE.

The reſt of the Muſick compos'd by Signor *PASQUALI*.

DUBLIN:

Printed by EDWARD BATE, in *George's-Lane*,

M,DCC,XLIX.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MARS,	Mr. *Howard.*
BACCHUS,	Mr. *Sullivan.*
SILENUS,	Mr. *Morrisi*
FIRST SWAIN,	Mr. *Dyer.*

WOMEN.

PEACE,	Mrs. *Mozeen.*
VENUS,	Mrs. *Storer.*
DIANA,	Mrs. *Lampe.*
CUPID,	Miſs *Pocklington.*

Cupids, Swains, Nymphs, &c.

The new SCENE of the TEMPLE of PEACE, deſign'd and painted by Signor *Paſquali*, Junior.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MARS,	Mr. Howard.
BACCHUS,	Mr. Sullivan.
SILENUS,	Mr. Morris.
FIRST SWAIN,	Mr. Dyer.

WOMEN.

PEACE,	Mrs. Mattocks.
VENUS,	Mrs. Storer.
DIANA,	Mrs. Lamb.
CUPID,	Miss Pocklington.

Cupids, Swains, Nymphs, &c.

The new SCENE of the Temple of PEACE, designed and painted by Signor Pugnani, Junior.

THE TEMPLE of PEACE, A MASQUE.

SCENE I. *A Landscape.*

Mars *enters to a Symphony of War-like Instruments, attended by Soldiers,* &c.

RECIT.

Mars. INspire the Vocal Brass inspire,
The World is past its Infant Age;
Arms and Honour,
Arms and Honoor,
Set the martial Mind on Fire,
And kindle Manly Rage.

AIR.

AIR.

Sound the Trumpet beat the Drum,
Through all the World around,
Sound a Reveille, ſound, ſound,
The Warlour God is come.

CHORUS.

Sound the Trumpet, &c.

Enter Venus.

RECIT.

Venus. Enough of Strife, the World has known,
Enough of dire Alarms,
All *Europe* now begins to groan
And dread the ſound of Arms.
Then haſte away,
To Sports and Play,
Venus calls, let all obey;
Her Joys can keeneſt Pains aſſuage,
And calm the fierceſt Tyger's Rage.

AIR II.

Calms appear, when Storms are paſt,
Love will have his Hour at laſt,
Nature is my kindly Care,
Mars deſtroys, and I repair.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Mars. Hence with thy ſoft inglorious Strains,
Know I deſpiſe thy Roſy Chains,
O'er *Europe* will I drive my rattling Car,
And pour down Famine, Peſtilence and War.

Enter Cupid.

RECIT.

Cupid. And who art thou, that dar'ſt diſown
The Queen of Beauty's Power?
Fall proſtrate ſtraight before her Throne,
Her Pardon ſtraight implore,
Or elſe prepare to feel my Dart,
Already thou haſt known its Smart.

AIR III.

Loves bright Goddeſs all obey,
Thro' Heav'n, thro' Earth, thro' Air and Sea,
Who e'er defies
Her powerful Eyes,
The forked Lightning may deſpiſe:
Thro' Heav'n, thro' Earth, thro' Air and Sea,
Love's bright Goddeſs all obey.

[Mars *drops his Sword and Shield, which the* Cupids *ſeize, he kneels to* Venus, *is rais'd and embraces her whilſt they all join in* Chorus.

Love's bright Goddeſs, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

AIR

SCENE II. *Opens and discovers the* Temple *of* Peace.

Enter Venus.

AIR IV. By Mr. ARNE.

Venus. O, Peace! thou faireſt Child of Heav'n,
To whom the Sylvan Reign was giv'n,
The Vale, the Fountain and the Grove,
With every ſofter Scene of Love;
Return ſweet Peace, and chear the weeping Swain,
Return with Eaſe and Pleaſure in thy Train.

Enter Peace.

AIR V.

Peace. Roſey Chaplets all prepare,
In Myrtle Bowers,
The blitheſome Hours,
Shall Sport ſecure from Care.

Peace pours out the happy Treaſures
That diſtinguiſh well her Reign,
Mirth and Love the Joys the Pleaſures,
Glad each Hill, and charm each Plain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Landſcape.*

Enter Ceres *and* Shepherds.

CHORUS.

If the *Summer* Plenty yields,
Bounteous *Ceres* cloath the Fields:
Peace without her, lame would be,
Without *Peace* more lame are we;
But when both together meet,
Then our Pleaſures are compleat.

AIR

AIR VI. By Mr. PURCEL.

Your Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd,
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come,
Come, my Boys, come,
And merrily roar out Harveſt home;
Harveſt home,
Harveſt home,
And merrily roar out Harveſt home.
We have cheated the Parſon, we'll cheat him again
For why ſhould the Block-head, have One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten;
For why ſhould the Block-head have one in Ten?

For prateing ſo long, like a Book-learn'd Sot,
'Till Pudding and Dumpling burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot,
'Till Pudding and Dupmling burn to Pot. [*Exeunt om.*

Enter Bacchus *upon a Tun drawn by* Tygers, *with* Pan *and a Train of* Baechanals, *he is preceded by* Silenus, *who ſings the following*

AIR VII. By Mr. GALLIARD.

Tho' envious old Age ſeems in part to impair me,
And makes me the Sport, of the Wanton and Gay,
Brisk Wine ſhall recruit, as Life's Winter ſhall wear me,
And I ſtill have a Heart to do what I may.
Then *Venus* beſtow me
Some Damſel of Beauty,
Here's *Bacchus* will give me
The cheriſhing Glaſs,
Silenus tho grey---
Shall to both pay his Duty,
And now claſp the Bottle,
And then claſp the Laſs.

RECIT

RECIT.

Silenus. The jolly God in Triumph comes,
Sound the Trumpets beat the Drums,
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face,
Now give the Hautboy Breath, he comes! he comes!

AIR VIII. By Mr. HANDEL.

Bacchus. Let the deep Bowl my Praise confess,
Good Gifts the gratious Giver bless
My Gifts, of all the Gods bestow,
Improve by use and sweeter grow,
Another Bowl; 'tis gen'rous Wine
Exalts the Human to Divine.

CHORUS.

See the God of Drinking comes,
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums,
Sports prepare, the Flagons bring,
Song of Revels to him sing.

See the Godlike Youth advance,
Breath the Flutes, and lead the Dance;
Ivy Wreaths, and Vine-shoots twine
To deck the Hero's Brow divine. [*Exeunt.*

Diana *enters to a Symphony of* French *Horns, with attendant Nymphs and sings the following*

AIR IX. By Mr. BOYCE.

With Hounds and with Horns I waken the Day,
And hye to my Woodland Walks away
I tuck up my Robe, and am Buskin'd soon,
And tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon.

I course

I courſe the fleet Stag,
Unkennel the Fox,
And chace the wild Goats,
O'er Summits of Rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting,
We pierce thro' the Sky,
And Eccho turns Hunter
And double the Cry.

CHORUS.

With ſhouting and hooting,
We pierce thro' the Sky,
And Eccho turns Hunter
And doubles the Cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *The Laſt.*

The SCENE *opens and diſcovers the inner part of the* Temple *of* Peace.

Peace, Venus, Dianna, Ceres, Cupid, Mars, Bacchus, Swains *and* Shepherdeſſes, *&c. all join in a grand Chorus.*

CHORUS *of* Britannia's *ſide.*

Rejoyce *Britania* ſhout with Joy,
Till Hills and Valleys ring.

CHORUS *of Hibernia's ſide.*

Hibernia Eccho to the Cry,
In praiſes of your King.

CHORUS *united.*

'Tis *George* who brings theſe Bleſſings to your Iſles,
Whilſt Liberty looks down, and ſweetly ſmiles.

Loud Muſick.

He drew the Sword
Confuſion roar'd
And Clouds o'erſpread the Air.

Soft

Soft Muſick.

He ſpoke the Word,
Peace was reſtor'd
And all the Sky was clear.

United.

He raiſes, or makes diſcord ceaſe]
He frowns, 'tis War---He ſmiles, 'tis Peace.
Rejoyce Britania, &c.

FINIS.

PEACE.

Sept. Mystick.

He spoke the Word,
Peace was restor'd
And all the Sky was clear.

United.

He raises, or makes [illegible]
He frowns, 'tis War.---He smiles, 'tis Peace.
Rejoyce Britannia, &c.

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FINIS.